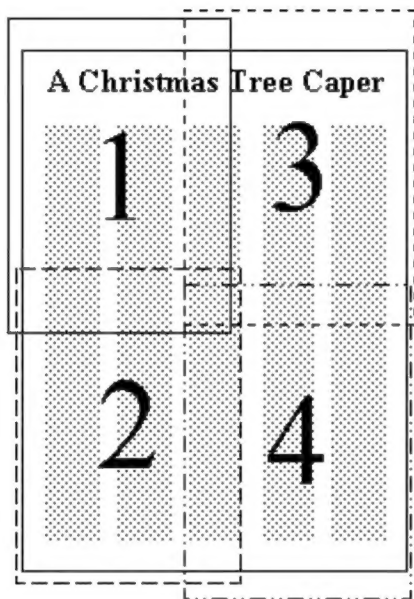


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY



WEATHER IS FORECASTING
A BEAUT OF A JET STREAM.
YOU'LL PICK IT UP OVER
THE NORTH PACIFIC AND
RIDE IT IN.

COLONEL JOHNS, HERE, IS CURIOUS AS TO HOW
FAST THIS AIRCRAFT WARNING NET CAN RE-
ACT TO UNIDENTIFIED BOGEYS APPROACHING
THE COAST AT ABNORMAL SPEED.



PICKET TICKET

By JACK RITCHIE

(© 1956 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

THE trouble with the battle of sexes," I said, "is that the women are doing all the fighting and the men don't even realize that war has been declared. This infuriates women."

Jenny's Aunt Ida smiled reminiscently. "I remember when I handcuffed myself to the railing in front of the town hall. I vowed to stay there forever unless women were given the right to vote."

"Good for you," Jenny Payne said militantly.

Aunt Ida sighed. "Unfortunately it started to rain and none of the girls could find the key to the handcuffs."

She stopped knitting for a moment. "My hat would have been ruined, but that's when I met Uncle Fred, Jenny. He was a policeman then and he held an umbrella over my head for more than an hour before the rain stopped and he could find a hacksaw. He was the handsomest man, even if the rain did make his mustache droop."

She smiled again. "Later on we just talked and walked and walked. He couldn't sit down because his uniform had shrunk a little."

"I don't mind Jenny running for alderman," I said. "But why does it have to be against me, her faithful fiancé? I'm just at the threshold of my career. Who knows with a little luck and hard work, some day I may be Register of Deeds."

Jenny continued addressing her campaign literature. "We women have got to participate actively

you've just established an important point, Bob."

"Jeff is my campaign manager," Jenny said smugly.

"We stand for clean government," Jeff said, brandishing a forefinger. "We believe in honesty, integrity, and a stable economy. Not only that, but we're unequivocally against litter bugs."

"Good for you," I said bitterly. "Have you taken any side on the question of efficient garbage collections?"

"Well now," Jeff said thoughtfully. "The matter has to be studied. We mustn't arrive at any hasty conclusions. This demands sober, impartial, mature consideration."

SMEAR CAMPAIGN

His teeth seemed remarkably sharp as he smiled. "You might as well give up, Bob. Fifty-three percent of the voters in this ward are women. All I need to do to get them to the polls is some stirring innuendo issue. Maybe I'll conduct a smear campaign."

I reached for my hat and departed.

When I left my law office for lunch the next day, I found a crowd gathered in front of the town hall. I recognized Jenny's voice addressing the assemblage.

Aunt Ida appeared at my el-

up a small key. "Our vote is the key to our emancipation."

"She inserted the key into the lock of the handcuffs."

Aunt Ida looked at the sky. "According to the weather report, it's supposed to rain. I do hope I can rely on that."

Jenny continued working at the handcuffs. Her face began to redden.

"Those are Fred's old handcuffs," Aunt Ida said. Her eyes were innocent. "Now I do hope I gave Jenny the right key."

I felt a few drops of rain on the back of my neck.

Aunt Ida touched my arm and smiled. "I brought along an extra umbrella. You may borrow it, Bob."

Jenny's chin was determined as she attacked the handcuffs with renewed vigor. "Thus," she announced savagely. "Thus I throw off my bonds."

The bonds refused to be thrown off and the crowd began to snicker.

Jeff was standing next to Jenny and he frowned. "I've got to get out of this rain, Jenny. Water dries the scalp, you know. But don't go away. I'll send someone out with a hacksaw."

I edged my way through the crowd and leaned on the picket fence. "That's politics for you, Jenny. Some days nothing seems to go right." I turned to the crowd. "You can see for yourselves, ladies and gentlemen. My opponent is not a free agent. She is chained to city hall."

Jenny glared at me. "For goodness sakes, do something! I'll die of embarrassment."

A FENCE VS. CONFIDENCE

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Jenny continued addressing her campaign literature. "We women have got to participate actively in politics. It's time to clean house."

"But, dear," Aunt Ida said. "Your Uncle Fred is mayor now."

JENNY ANSWERS FRONT DOORBELL

"Well," Jenny said, conceding a point. "I guess he can stay. But all the rest can go. Out with the party hacks, I say! Out!"

Aunt Ida resumed her knitting. "Fred agreed with me. About votes for women, you know. Somehow that took all the fun out of it. I resigned my commission in the West Morrisport Suffragette Battalion."

The front doorbell rang and Jenny got up to answer it. She came back with Jeff Harrison. Jeff has gleaming white teeth, a hairline mustache, and the habit of rubbing his hands together.

"Now, now, Jenny," he said. "Mustn't fraternize with the enemy."

"We've been fraternizing for six years," I said stiffly.

Aunt Ida nodded. "I think

ADVERTISEMENT

For child's stuffy nose...



Now... check head cold miseries fast with gentle, soothing St. Joseph Nose Drops For Children. Contains Neo-Synephrine®—prescribed by doctors. No oil. No sting. Safe for your child. Try St. Joseph Nose Drops For Children. For coughs of colds, try St. Joseph Cough Syrup For Children.

CAMPAIGN

His teeth seemed remarkably sharp as he smiled. "You might as well give up, Bob. Fifty-three percent of the voters in this ward are women. All I need to do to get them to the polls is some stirring innocuous issue. Maybe I'll conduct a smear campaign."

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When I left my law office for lunch the next day, I found a crowd gathered in front of the town hall. I recognized Jenny's voice addressing the assemblage.

Aunt Ida appeared at my elbow. "You're just in time for the really impressive part," she said. "It comes right after Jenny announces that she's in favor of education." She sighed. "The poor dear. It's so difficult to gesture with just one of your hands free."

I stood on my tiptoes and looked over a dozen heads. Jenny had one wrist handcuffed to the iron picket fence guarding the town hall lawn.

Jenny's face was earnest as she delivered her speech. Finally she waved her free arm. "Women have been shackled long enough by their complacency. Too long have we avoided the polls and meekly followed the dictates of male politicians."

She rattled the handcuffs. "But we need be shackled no longer." Triumphant she held

ADVERTISEMENT



"Stop fighting as to who's going with me. The Christmas demand for 'Beacon Wax' is so big, I need you both. Every one seems to want 'Beacon's' holiday sparkle!"

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Jenny glared at me. "For goodness sakes, do something! I'll die of embarrassment."

A FENCE VS. CONFIDENCE

I unfurled the umbrella and held it over her.

"Not just that," Jenny hissed. "You're only making me more conspicuous."

I examined the wrought-iron fence critically, shook it a few times, and then began to tug.

"What in the world are you doing?" Jenny demanded.

An eight-foot section of the rusted grating came free and I smiled. "I just remembered that we've got to appear at the Woman's Civic League at one. So suppose you just lift up the rear of this section and I'll carry the front. We'll trot right over."

Jenny closed her eyes. "I can't go there carrying a fence. People will lose confidence in me."

She fumed silently for half a minute and then opened her eyes. "I see through this whole insidi-

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WON'T THEY SUSPECT
IT'S US, SIR?

THEY'D BETTER NOT!
IF WE CAN TRY TO
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SO CAN THE REDS!



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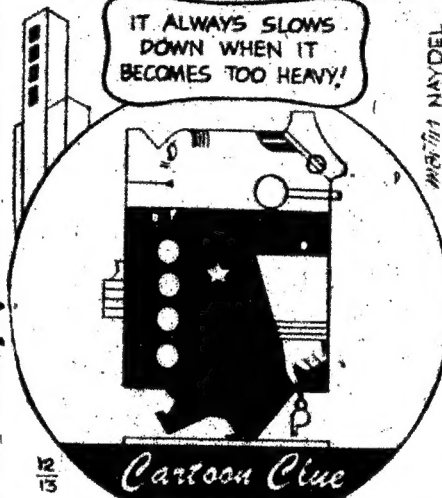
**A FENCE VS.
CONFIDENCE**

I refused the umbrella and

JUMBLE

...THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME

IT ALWAYS SLOWS
DOWN WHEN IT
BECOMES TOO HEAVY!



Cartoon Clue

Print the SURPRISE ANSWER here

RUCCO

NIFTE

ANAU

DOITER

© 1956 by The Chicago Tribune

Unscramble the 4 sets of letters, making a word of each jumble.
Print each word, a letter to a square, beneath each jumble. The
letters on the circled squares may then be arranged to spell the
surprise answer suggested by the cartoon clue. What is it?

(Answer tomorrow)

Yesterday's answers: Froze, Vocal, Usury, Fourth—CHAUFFEUR.

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politics."

Aunt Ida shook her head. "But
dear, politics really has nothing
to do with this insidious plot. I
had something else in mind. And
I'm so glad that Jeff failed you.
He could have ruined everything
by being considerate."

She smiled. "Now why don't
both of you get under that um-
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snug. In my day Fred had to re-
spect my reputation and so he got
wet. I don't think that's neces-
sary nowadays. About getting

six years of fraternization must
inevitably lead to one thing.

After a while the crowd began
applauding.

When Jenny could get her
breath, her eyes were soft and
she seemed in a daze. "Never
mind counting the votes," she
murmured. "I concede defeat."
And then Jenny and I picked
up our fence and walked to the
nearest garage for a hacksaw.

THE END

BEST MINERAL OIL
MONEY CAN BUY 100% PURE

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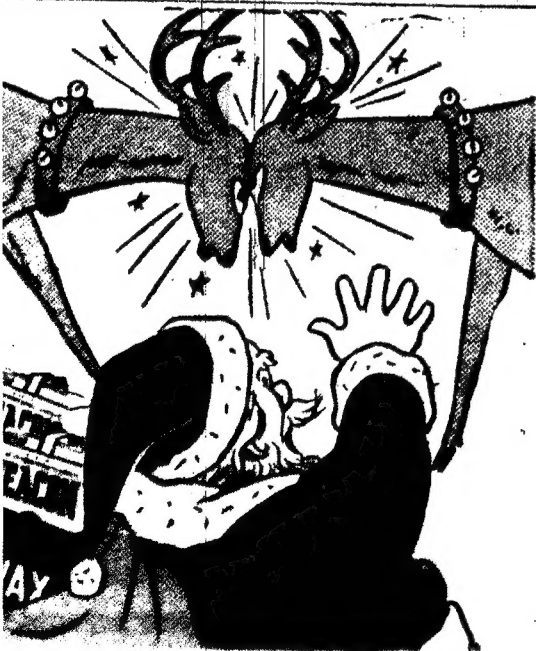
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I moved under the umbrella and Aunt Ida was quite right about the snugness. In fact I felt a certain warmth when I looked into Jenny's eyes. I realized that

ADVERTISEMENT

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After a while the crowd began applauding.

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THE END

BEST MINERAL OIL
MONEY CAN BUY 100% PURE
CRYSTAL CLEAR

Nujol

GENTLY RELIEVES ORDINARY CONSTIPATION

CONSTIPATED?

new laxative discovery

un-locks bowel blocks

without gag, bloat or gripe

Constipation is caused by what doctors call a "thrifty" colon. A "thrifty" colon is one that, instead of retaining moisture as it should, does the opposite: robs the colon of so much moisture that its contents become dehydrated, so dry that they block the bowel; so shrunken that they fail to excite or stimulate the urge to purge that propels and expels waste from your body.

TO REGAIN NORMAL REGULARITY two things are necessary. First, the dry, shrunken contents of your colon which now block your bowel must be re-moistened. Second, bulk must be brought to your colon to S-T-R-E-T-C-H STIMULATE it and so, excite its muscles to action; to a normal urge to purge.

ONLY A BULK LAXATIVE can 1) re-moisten this dry, shrunken waste and 2) supply vital bulk to re-create a normal urge to purge. And, of all bulk laxatives, COLONOID, the

amazing new lavative discovery is so effective that it relieves even chronic constipation overnight, yet is so smooth, so gentle it has been proved safe even for women in the most critical stages of pregnancy.

SUPERIOR TO OLD STYLE bulk, salt or drug laxatives, COLONOID neither gags, bloats nor gripes; does not interfere with your absorption of vitamins and other valuable food nutrients; and in clinical tests, did not cause rash or other side reactions.

IT'S A PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT: Exercise tones your body! And COLONOID exercises your colon to tone it against constipation, overnight! Whether occasional, frequent or chronic, whatever your degree of constipation, get COLONOID, in easy-to-take tablet form at any drug counter, today! The price, only 98c for the economical 60 tablet package, brings you positive relief at less than 2c per tablet.